

PLYMOUTH

IN AN

UPROAR;

MUSICAL FARCE,

As it is performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

COVENT-GARDEN.

The MUSIC composed by

Mr. DIBDIN.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

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MDCCLXXIX.

Entered at Stationers-Hall.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

| | | |
|----------------------|-------|-----------------|
| Lieutenant BEAUCLERK | — | Mr. MATTOCKS. |
| CHARLES WILSON, | — — | Mr. ROBSON. |
| Lord HEARTLESS, | — — | Mr. BRUNSDON. |
| BEN, | — — — | Mr. VERNON. |
| PIPES, | — — — | Mr. BOOTH. |
| Landlord, | — — — | Mr. MESSINK. |
| SAILOR, | — — — | Mr. BAKER. |
| TWIST, | — — | Mr. WEWITZER. |
| BUCKRAM, | — | Mr. JONES. |
| OSTLER, | — | Mr. FEARON. |
| OFFICER, | — | Mr. STEVENS. |
| MINER, | — — — | Mr. L'ESTRANGE. |
| RUFFIAN, | — — — | Mr. BATES. |



WOMEN.

| | | |
|---------------|-------|-----------------|
| EMILIA, | — — — | Miss BROWN. |
| SUKEY, | — — — | Mrs. KENNEDY. |
| Miss FREEMAN, | — — | Mrs. WHITFIELD. |

TRAVELLERS, SAILORS, &c.

Scene, Plymouth.

[1]

PLYMOUTH in an UPROAR.

A C T I.

SCENE *the Rendezvous.*

The Gang discovered drinking.

S O N G. BEN.

I.
WE on the present hour relying,
Think not of future, nor on past ;
But seize each moment, as 'tis flying,
The next, may-hap, may be our last.

II.
With brow o'ercastr'd, and head reclining,
Let Envy, Age, and luffing Care,
Against our scheme of life combining,
Rail at those joys they cannot share.

B

III. Come,

III.

Come, fill about, and let's be jolly,
 In spite of all such empty stuff ;
 Whether 'tis wisdom or 'tis folly,
 'Tis pleasure, boys, and that's enough.

Enter LANDLORD.

Land. Go it—go it, my hearties ! Here's plenty of work cutting out for us. The French fleet are all a-high ! the town all in confusion ! all the cowards flocking out, and all true Britons flocking in !—Here's the devil to pay, and no pitch hot !

Pipes. Let 'em come—I'll be bound they won't come within reach of our bull-dogs, landlord.

Land. Na, na; they know a trick worth two o' that.

Pipes. How many sail do they see ?

Land. Seven or eight, at most, which fear has increased to a thousand at least : but however, it brings grist to my mill ; for, you must know, that I am—

Calling without. Landlord !

Landlord. Coming, coming, Sir—

Calling without. Landlord, &c.

Land. Coming, coming, Sir. [*Exit half drunk.*]

Ben. Thus, boy, thew—Steady, ey—Don't fall off.

Pipes. Steady, ey ! Why you seem rather before the wind, Ben.

Ben. Before the wind, do you call it ? There's a cursed head sea by the bye then ; for, blame me, if I have not pitched my hat away so often, I was afraid my head would go next ; and, I must say, that's a thing I should like to keep—if it was only for the sake of not looking particular—hiccup.

Pipes. Hiccup—why, you seem to have got your beer on board, Ben !

Ben.

Ben. Ay, ay, damme, I'm in excellent trim now for a Frenchman, though.

Pipes. Trim for a Frenchman ! how could you fight, when you can scarce stand ?

Ben. How !—Indian fashion ; lay down and bush fight him ; How do you think, Toney ?

Sail. Ay, or on your knees, Ben.

Ben. Avaft heaving there—none of your knees—May I never fee salt water again, if I would go down on my knees to any man, for life, or any thing else—Ha—avaft ! yes, I would too.

Pipes. How ! you would ! for what, pray ?

Ben. Hiccup—For a drink of grog, you lubber—Plague on the French fleet ! they have filled the streets fo full of blockheads, there's no fuch thing as keeping one's feet, without one carries a good pair of fifs about one. Streets ! they're more like alleys ; what a plague do they make them fo narrow for ?—there's no fuch thing as walking in 'em without one's fo sober one's not fit to be feen. Do give us a toothful of grog, if you have any in the bowl. Pafs along the fwipes, ho, for keel-haul me, if I an't crank, for want of proper ballaft.

Enter LIEUTENANT.

Ben. Ha, my noble Lieutenant, what cheer ?

Lieut. Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts, now's the time, my boys, to shew what you are : we fhall have laurels as plenty as nettles. Here they come, French and Spaniards, frogs and dollars, my hearts of oak.

Ben. Let them come, your honour—We'll work their giggs for them, fhould they attempt to land. [*One of the Sailors attempts to take the bowl from Ben.*] What are you about, ho ? Avaft, shipmate ! Push your boat off, pray do.

B 2

Sail.

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Sail. About ! why, you have drunk, han't you ?

Ben. Drunk ! Not so drunk but I can hold fast—and so here's your honour's health, not forgetting his Majesty—and confusion to the house of Bourbon !—Damme, I wish it was on fire.

Lieut. Thank you, Ben ; but you must not be quarrellsome, my boy.

Ben. No more I an't, your honour ; but I'll sooner part with my life than my liquor.

Lieut. Well, my lads, I've got intelligence of three stout fellows ; what say you ? Shall we make their fortunes in spite of their teeth ? Press them to live honestly, or die like heroes.

Pipes. That we will, your honour. Where are they ?

Lieut. They are sly hands—dressed like countrymen, they divide their time between two public houses, a field or two asunder, not a mile from this. I will take one half of the gang ; you, Pipes, shall take the other ; and the first that finds them shall bring them here : that done, make no noise, nor let any of them go, that you may take till I see him.

Pipes. Very well, your honour, if we come athwart their hawse, they won't easily sheer off again.

Lieut. Well, my lads, get under way directly, o prevent disappointment.

Ben. We'll only take a toothful of grog first.

S O N G. BEN.

I.

Come bustle, bustle, Britons bold,
Nor let your spirits clog ;
But merry be, my hearts of gold,
And push about the grog.

II. For

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II.

For George and Britain, zounds I'd fight
In storm, in calm, in fog ;
By day, my boys, or darkest night,
Inspir'd by righteous grog.

III.

Of this I'd drink until I lay
As still as any log ;
For worldly comforts when I pray,
I mean a drink of grog.

IV.

When Boatswain pipes to meals or prayers,
We tip the leisure jog ;
But fly like tigers, cats, or bears,
When call'd all hands to grog.

V.

So here's a health to Queen and King,
And may the surly hog
That will not join, at Tyburn swing,
And lose his share of grog.

[*Exeunt Lieutenant and Gang.*]

Enter EMILIA and SUKEY.

A I R. EMILIA.

I.

In vain I touch the trembling string,
In vain I every effort try ;
Of other nobler themes to sing,
My lute will sounds of love reply.

II. I

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II.

I heave a sigh, and try again,
Again from string to string I move;
And friendship sing; 'tis all in vain,
My faithful lute still echoes love.

Suk. I don't know how it is, Ma'am, but were it not for you, I should be most terribly frightened at these fleets. Every body is quivering and shivering to death but you.

Em. So perhaps should I, could I suffer myself to think meanly of my countrymen. Would to heaven I felt no greater uneasiness from my own disagreeable situation. But, alas! how cruel is my fate—plagued to death with the impertinent addresses of that thing Lord Heartless—obliged by the request of that best of relations, my aunt Williams, to keep company with a man I never did, nor ever can love, though perfectly worthy my affections—and, worse than all, over head and ears in love with a man I never saw but once, know nothing more about, and may, perhaps, never see again.

Suk. And who for ought you know may be a vagabond, for he's nothing but a lieutenant of a press-gang. However, Ma'am, you'd have far less reason to be pleased, were you left in the care of your mother's sister instead of your father's, who is a good soul, and who does not positively insist either upon your loving or having this Mr. Charles; and as you have never given him any proof of your affection, nor any encouragement but the bare liberty of seeing you, which liberty he must have perceived to be the mere effect of duty to your

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aunt, I see no cause why you should make yourself uneasy at the thoughts of breaking with him entirely.

Em. 'Tis not the thoughts of discarding Charles, but fear of never seeing the Lieutenant more that causes my anxiety.

Suk. O ho! If that be all, make yourself perfectly easy, for if I have any skill in eyes you have not seen the last of him.

Em. Oh, I suppose, your Mr. William made you so good an interpreter of eyes?

Suk. Heigh-ho!

A I R. SUKEY.

I.

How pleased with William have I hied,
Gaily to meet the dusky dawn;
E'er yet the misty view descried
The doubtful verdure of the lawn.

When seated on the yielding grass,
How oft with fervor would he swear
To love but me—But, woe, alas!
His faithless vows were empty air.

II.

For soon he sought a richer maid,
Who did not—could not love—like me;
Thus was I, simpleton, repaid,
For my unshaken constancy.

But time at length has brought a cure,
And eas'd in part my anxious pain,
Nor shall the force of any lure,
Involve my foolish heart again.

Em.

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Em. Would to heaven I could form the same resolution!

Suk. Come, come, make yourself easy; the Lieutenant is not a bit less captivated than yourself.

Em. But then again, Charles is so great a favourite of my aunt's, she may perhaps insist on my compliance, and such is my regard for her, that I would as soon give up my own happiness as disoblige her. Deuce take the fellow, I wish I had never seen him.

Suk. Ay, these cockades, these cockades: I used to think it was the red coats that did all the mischief, but I find the young rogue never shoots so true as from behind a cockade. But, Ma'am, I have a commission to transact in favour of Lord Heartless, who requests that you will indulge him with an interview this evening, in the third field down the road, behind our house.

Em. How, Sukey! how often must I forbid you mentioning his name! To what purpose should I meet him—I have already given him his final answer.

Suk. He thinks not; but, la, Ma'am, what harm can there be? You sometimes love a walk and a laugh, both which you may enjoy in perfection, by complying with his request, and likewise have the satisfaction of knowing you will never be troubled with his fulsome addresses again.

Em. A very powerful argument, I must confess.

Suk. And, in order to keep it from your aunt, suppose I personate your footman, as the last footman's cloaths fit me to a T; by which means we can keep the affair entirely to ourselves, at the same time, the deceit will prove a check upon his Lordship's behaviour. What think you, Madam?

Em.

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Em. You are a mad thing—Well, as I fancy any thing in the appearance of a man is likely to keep his Lordship in sufficient awe, I consent : though I fear, you will look but awkwardly in breeches, and besides, he'll certainly know you.

Suk. O, no, he sha'nt see my face, and never you fear the breeches—there are many who wear them, look as ill, and deserve them as little, as I shall.

Em. Well, make haste, I hope Charles won't take it in his head to meet us.

Suk. Never fear.—I long to be dress'd.

A I R. SUKEY.

I.

Tho' whim and dear variety
Is what our sex bewitches
In this we ev'ry one agree
We love to wear the breeches.

II.

And say what better right have half
The empty prigs who wear them,
Who live to dress, to grin and laugh
That scarcely fools can bear them.

III.

And as to courage, I'll be bound,
You will not stand alone, Sirs,
Enough of that may soon be found,
Remember Miss D'Eon, Sirs.

[*Exeunt.*]

C

SCENE

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S C E N E, a Field.

Lord HEARTLESS solus.

I wish these fellows would come—the consternation occasioned by the appearance of these combined fleets, affords me a charming opportunity. I'll pop her into my post-chaise, away with her to town, and then, I fancy, I shall be able to make my own terms.

Enter a Gang of Villains.

Heart. O, here they come. Gentlemen, conceal yourselves in that hedge, 'till she come. You'll know her by my description. Manage with the servant, if there be one, as you please; I will walk by the chaise and receive her from you. Make as little noise as possible, so success to you, gentlemen.

Vil. Never fear us, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, another Field.

Enter Lieutenant and Gang.

Lieut. Yonder's the house, my lads; let some surround it while Jack and I search it.

Ben. I should be glad your honour would heave to a bit, just while I clap this piece of sarvice upon my leg; for that confounded stile has scrap'd the bark off my starboard shin most consumedly—but I thought there was no good a-head for me when I run on board that parson. Plague on the parson, I mortally hate a parson! of all the fish that swims I hate a parson: I never sail'd in a ship where a parson went passenger but once, and we had not a fair wind the whole voyage.

[*Sits down.*
Sail.]

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Sail. Never fail'd with a parson, how do you make that out ? a Chaplain is a parson, a'n't he ?

Ben. Why so, pray ?

Sail. Because he has orders.

Ben. What, then the devil is an alderman, because he has horns, I suppose. No, you lubber, all the chaplains I have seen have been honest hearty fellows, who by shewing you at once what they are, and telling you what they ought to be, leave you to choose whether you'll go to heaven by their advice or to the southward by their example. None of your sneaking underhand tricks, but sailor-like all fair and above-board ; fellows that would rather stick by their bottle than their text, and would make a curtain of their gown to hide a tit-bit with. I wish I was safe moor'd in Blanket Bay just now.

Lieut. What, tired, Ben ? Why you have not walked farther than we have.

Ben. May be not, right an end, your honour ; but you must consider, I am so much by the head, and make such confounded wild steerage, that I can scarcely take five steps on the same side of the road.

[*Scream within.*

Lieut. Hark, what's that ? [*Scream again.*] Somebody in distress.

Sail. It's a woman's voice ; shall we bear away for it, your honour ?

Lieut. Certainly. [*Scream again.*] It seems beyond that field. Bear a hand, boys.

[*Exeunt, leaving Ben.*

Ben. [*Getting up.*] A woman's voice is it ? bear a hand, boys. [*Falls down again. A Scream.*] Run, you dogs, run !—Give my love to the lady, and tell her I'll be with her as soon as this whirligig of a head will let me. [*Getting up.*] Where I was learning navigation, they told me of a man that fancied the

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the world run round ; and I remember I thought he could not be right. Then they told me of another that fancied the sun, moon and stars run round, and I thought he could not be right ; but now, damme if I don't begin to think they were both right. D'ye hear ? Give my love to her—[*Staggers*] Damme if I don't think I have got the falling sickness. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E, a Field.

EMILIA *with a Handkerchief over her Eyes, Villains binding her Hands and lugging her along.*

Enter **LIEUTENANT**, *and Gang following.*

Em. Help, help.

Lieut. Unhand her, you villains. Seize them, my lads. [*The Gang seize them.*]

Vil. A Prefs-gang—the devil—I'll not suffer alone. Sir, do not wreak all your fury upon us, we are but the tools of our employer, who is waiting for us not far off, in hopes of running away with this lady. It was not our intent to hurt her, we have too much regard for the sex.

Lieut. Regard for the sex !—But, my lads, conduct them to where their master is, and after securing him, bring them all back together.

[*Exeunt Gang and Villains.*]

Lieut. [*Unbinding Emilia's Eyes.*] Madam, I am exceedingly happy—Good heavens, what do I see ?—Is it possible—Are not you the lady in whose company I happened to be yesterday ?

Em. I am, Sir; but little thought so soon to be your debtor for this signal piece of service.

Lieut. Heavens, how fortunate! Madam, I am a sailor, honesty is my motto; believe me, therefore, when I assure you, that my most fervent wish has been for an opportunity of performing something worthy your good opinion.

Em. Sir, my agitation is so great at present that I cannot thank you as I could wish; therefore shall only say, that my deliverance comes doubly sweetened from the hands of so generous a protector.

Lieut. Do not think me impertinent, nor that I wish to take advantage of your situation; but time is short, and in plain terms, would the sincere love of a British tar be deem'd unworthy your attention? I am a gentleman by descent as well as by profession.

Em. What can I say—I'm all agitation; I cannot tell him my real situation, as that may be a means of losing him for ever. [*Aside.*]

Lieut. Speak, Madam, say, may I hope?

Em. Hope is its own master—But perhaps I should do more service to your country and your honour by begging you to forget so trivial a passion.

Lieut. Impossible.

Em. Well, Sir, I will frankly confess to you that I think myself honoured by your partiality; and but for the cruelty of my situation, which has thrown such an obstacle— [*Huzza without.*]

Sail. [*Entering with Gang and Lord Heartless.*] Here he is, your honour. He says he's a lord.

Em. Lord Heartless, as I hope to live; the villain—I see his drift. [*Aside.*]

Heart.

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Heart. Sir, if this herd of banditti belongs to you, I desire to know if you encourage them in this their insolent ill-treatment of nobility?

Lieut. Or rather, my Lord, for such I know you to be, you want to know if I encourage these honest fellows in the detection of villainy, though committed by an ennobled perpetrator.—But my Lord, in consideration of the former value of those honours, and the notoriety of your own character, which I am sorry to say, sinks you beneath my notice, I dismiss you to your pleasure; as for your accomplices, they may be advantageously employed in his Majesty's service.

Heart. That is to say, he, a mere lieutenant, dares not affront me a nobleman; then I have my cue. [*Aside.*] Beneath your notice, and my accomplices—

[*Strutting up to him, treads on Ben's toes.*]

Ben. Damn your Lordship's buttons, tread lighter, or pull off your shoes, can't you?

Heart. I don't understand you, Sir, therefore insist upon your explaining yourself; and but that I look upon you in the light of an impertinent insolent sort of a——

Lieut. What, Sir?

[*Walking up to him with a frown.*]

Heart. Gentleman—I should demand satisfaction likewise—

[*Frightened.*]

Ben. Love my eyes, who do you call impertinent? Speak such another word, and I'll stave in some of your Lordship's head rails; fine times, indeed, when men are to be bullied by monkies.

Lieut. Peace, Ben.—I can hardly reconcile it to my conscience, my Lord; but follow me.

Heart. No, you are a contemptible puppy, and I'll have nothing to do with you.

[*Lord*]

[*Lord Heartless endeavouring to get off is hustled about among the Sailors.*]

Ben. Love my eyes, what dance do you call this, ho? Puff! here's a dust! egad, he puts me in mind of the scuttle-fish, who saves himself by means of his own fog.

Lieut. I am exceedingly sorry to have been obliged to discompose you thus; but his insolence—

Em. Was past all bearing, I confess. I was greatly alarmed at first. The wretch!—Well, Sir, as my servant, who when I was beset, ran to call assistance, is not returned, I shall beg for the company of one or two of these honest fellows, just to see me across a field or two; and I hope you will think I have very particular reasons for not wishing you of the party.

Lieut. I am all obedience. Jack and two more, see this lady as far as she will permit you, and join us at the rendezvous.—[*Exeunt Emilia and Sailors.*—She's gone, and my very soul with her—But stay, in the flurry of my spirits I've neither asked her name, nor where she lives; fool!—but what's this? [*Seeing a Card.*] “Miss Freeman:” her card, dropped designedly no doubt, observing my neglect. Sweet girl, I thank you for this kind encouragement.—Well, come, my lads, if we have not got those we came for, we have got three as good, perhaps. Bring them along.

Ben. What the flames makes you shake so? Up with your helm, and flat in your gib sheet, or you'll be about presently. Come, heave a head and save your tide, you're more afraid of a good deed than a bad one, I see.

Lieut. An obstacle did she say? What can it be? I'll not give up the chase for a trifle. Ben, do you push on before, and get all ready.

SONG,

SONG. BEN.

I.

Now, my boys, let's dance and sing,
Pleasure has its season ;
Flowing bowls, full bottles, bring,
Drinking is no treason,

II.

We'll drink confusion, and bad flip,
To foes of every kind, boys ;
A damn'd long voyage, a leaky ship,
No prog,—and little wind, boys.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

The Scene opening, discovers the Inn Yard, a Crowd loading a Cart, some with Trunks, Portmanteaus, Boxes, Bundles, and some half dressed, others in different Plights indicating Fear, some with Pokers, Broom-sticks, &c.

First Traveller.

COACHMAN! coachman, have you any room in any kind of carriage?

Sharper. They han't a bit, Sir; but if you will give me your box, I have a carriage setting off for London immediately.

1st Tr. There's my good fellow; make haste. What must I give you?

Sharp. Ten guineas, and pay before hand.

1st Tr. Here it is.

Sharp. Here—boy, take this gentleman's box and carry it to the coach.—Carry it to my lodgings, do you hear? *[Aside.*

1st Tr. Take care of it, it's full of valuables.

Sharp. Never fear, Sir; stop one moment, while I inform the rest of the passengers I am ready.

[Exit.

1st Tr. Gad, I just nick'd it.

D

Enter

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Enter Second Traveller.

2d Tr. Ostler, ostler! You ostler!

Ost. Here, Sir.

2d Tr. Where have you mov'd my trunks to?

Ost. Your trunks went in the last coach, Sir.

2d Tr. In the last coach—where to?

Ost. Faith I don't know; to London, I believe.

2d Tr. To London, you dog! Why you might as well have sent them on board D'Orviliers at once.

Ost. How so, Sir?

2d Tr. How so! Why I forgot to mark them.

Ost. How can I help that? The man that brought them went with them.

2d Tr. The man that brought them! Damn the man that brought them and you too. I know nothing of the man that brought them.

[*Exit.*

Enter Third and Fourth Travellers meeting.

4th Tr. Ostler! Landlord!

3d Tr. Are you from Maker Tower, Sir.

4th Tr. Yes, Sir. You Ostler! where is this scoundrel?

3d Tr. And what news, Sir, how many sail are in sight?

4th Tr. No less than seventy sail of the line. You Ostler!

Ost. Here, Sir.

3d Tr.

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3d Tr. Seventy fail of the line, mercy upon me! Have you any kind of carriage left, Sir?

Off. Not one, Sir, but an old one horse chaise, with one of the wheels tied on, and an old blind horse to draw it.

3d Tr. What shall I give you for it to carry my wife and three children ten miles out of town?

Off. Twenty guineas.

3d Tr. Twenty guineas! here it is: when they are safe, my heart will be at ease.

4th Tr. Why pray, Sir, do you intend to stay behind then?

3d Tr. Stay—most certainly; or how should I deserve the name of Englishman were I to desert my country in the hour of danger?

4th Tr. Gad you're right—and I've a great mind to stay too.

3d Tr. Great mind to stay! Why you'll never be able to wipe off the disgrace of having even intended to run away, but by killing the first Frenchman who shall set his foot on shore.

4th Tr. Give me your hand—I will stay. It was my timorous wife that persuaded me to go, and I am not ashamed to say that I love her so dearly——

3d Tr. And I honour you for it; but private enjoyment in an hour like this must give way to public good; let your wife accompany mine to some place of safety, where we'll follow them when we have shewn our love by being their protectors. Here they come, let's dispose of them and then to our duty. [Exeunt.]

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Enter a Spruce TAYLOR.

Tay. Pray, Mr. Ostler, can you stuff me into a boot or a basket? I shan't take up much room. I am but a Taylor.

Ost. Stand out of the way, and make use of your feet.

Tay. I can't, I've got the palsy all over me. O dear, here come the French—O no, it's only Jack Buckram and his people.

Enter BUCKRAM and his Men, as from the shop-board.

Tay. Ha, Buckram!—what do you intend doing in these troublesome times?

Buc. What do I intend to do! Why to fight for the liberty of Old England to be sure.

Tay. Why have you got such a good heart?

Buc. Good heart! Yes, sure; why I must never shew my nose in Plymo' again if I was not to belong to the Malitious in such a time as this. There's Mr. Firkin, the Cheesemonger, says he'll put me and all my men into his company of grenadiers.

Tay. Why I thought to have found all my neighbours as great cowards as myself. And are you really not afraid of the French's landing?

Buc. Afraid!—no, no, damme, we'll cut out plenty of work for 'em if they come our way.

[Snaps his shears.]

Enter

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Enter BEN and Gang.

Ben. Why highday, who have we here, I say shipmates? what the devil do you call yourselves, French or Spaniards?

Buc. What do we call ourselves Mr. Pitch and Oakham—why Englishmen.

Ben. Englishmen are you?

Buc. Yes, English Taylors.

Ben. Time was when we had a few English Taylors, but I must overhall you before I pass you as such. How do you know you are English?

Buc. Because our fingers itch to be at the French.

Ben. O damme, if that's the case, there's no doubt of your being English—men I won't call you; but however you'll be of some service, for tho' a Taylor is but the ninth part of a man, yet a Frenchman is not above the ninth part of a Taylor, egad. But come, since you are such desperate fellows, we'll show you how we live on board ship.

Pipes. Ay come, Ben, tip us Ahea till his honour arrives, that's my buck.

Ben. With all his heart.

S O N G. BEN.

I.

When first we hear the boatswain bray,
With voice like thunder roaring,
All hands, my boys, get under way,
Hark the signal for unmooring ;

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To save the joyous breeze
The handspikes then we seize,
In hopes to find the foe,
The capstan here,
The windlafs there,
We man to the tune of heo hea heo.

II.

Cast loose your top-sails next, he cries,
Top-ga'nt sails too, and courses ;
Clue lines and geer let go, my boys,
Haul home your sheets like horses
The mizen loose—be glib,
Fore-stay-sail too and gib,
Your down hauls, boys, let go ;
We strait comply,
And eager fly,
And obey to the tune of heo hea heo.

III.

The anchor's up, ho ! next they call :
Avast, boys ! 'Vast your heaving,
The cat and fish we over-haul,
The handspikes nimbly leaving,
And if a prosp'rous gale,
We croud on every sail,
Whilst our sheets they sweetly flow,
Along we swim,
Our braces trim,
And all to the tune of heo hea heo.

IV. Then

IV.

Then lovely Moll, and Sue, and Beck,

Their eyes with grief o'er-flowing,

With heavy hearts come upon deck,

The rude wind on them blowing ;

One short embrace we take,

Which makes our hearts to ach ;

A while we join in woe,

Nor to our grief

Obtain relief,

Till charm'd by the song of heo hea heo.

[*Exeunt omnes, upsetting a loaded cart in their way.*]

Scene a Room at the Rendezvous, Lieutenant and Pipes meeting. Enter part of the Gang severally.

Lieut. Well said, my hearts, keep it up for the honour of Old England. Well, Pipes, what luck ?

Pipes. Nothing to call luck, your honour ; we have stopped three stragglers, two of which we might as well have let go again, as to what they are good for ; mere milk-sops ! and a third I fear we shan't be able to keep, as he seems like a gentleman, and would give no farther account of himself : but he had a large great coat on, and a brace of pistols in his pocket, which made us think he might be a pirate.

Lieut. Where are they ?

24 PLYMOUTH IN AN UPROAR.

Pipes. The one I am speaking of gave us half a crown to drink, and begged he might be in a room by himself till your honour arrived; as for the other two, they made such a damn'd racket and piping, we were obliged to put them in a room by themselves; one was for drawing his cheese toaster, and damn'd your honour for the dregs of some stinking tar-barrel he supposed: so we clapped the strait waistcoat upon him.

Lieut. Bring them in one by one as you took them. Let's see what they are.

Pipes. Ay, ay, your honour—Bear a hand, ho—Step along two or three of you. *[Exit.]*

Lieut. This girl engrosses every faculty of my soul—But this obstacle—what can it be?

Enter PIPES.

Pipes. This was the first, your honour; when we took him he was squeaking over the fields like a young Guinea pig.

[Lugs in Sukey in Man's Cloaths.]

Suk. *[Aside.]* The identical officer we saw yesterday—I hope he won't know me.

Lieut. Well, Sir, what have you to say for yourself? Who are you?

Suk. A very harmless young man, Sir—My mistress having a mind for a walk, ordered me to follow her; when we were set upon by thieves: I ran to call assistance, and met your gang, who stopped me. O, my poor, dear, dear mistress, perhaps she's murdered!

Ben.

PLYMOUTH IN AN UPROAR. 25

Ben. Don't cry, my heart ; your mistress is very safe—Pass along, some sort of a swab, ho—Here, my lad, take a corner of my neckcloth.

[Offers his Neckcloth to wipe her Eyes.]

Lieut. I know your story to be true, my man, and can assure you your mistress is safe. I was myself so lucky to rescue her from the villains you speak of.

Suk. Indeed, Sir ! O joyful hearing ! But are you sure you are not mistaken, Sir ?

Lieut. I am certain of what I say. But what's your name, my friend ?

Suk. *[Overjoyed, answers with a Curtsey.]* Susannah, Sir—O Lord, no, no, I mean James, Sir. I thought you enquired for my sister.

Lieut. How ! Susannah, and a curtsey tacked to it !—A woman, by all that's pretty ! Let me see your face—The identical one I saw yesterday in company with my angel. Come, my lads, here's a kiss a piece for us. *[Kisses her.]*

Ben. French property in Dutch bottoms, hay ! A fair prize, egad—here goes for my share of the plunder. *[Kisses her.]*

Suk. Indeed, indeed I am a man.

Ben. Indeed, indeed, I believe you lie now. *[Kisses her.]* Charming sweet lips, egad ; but they'd be a damn'd deal sweeter in petticoats.

Suk. I'll assure you I am not a woman.

Lieut. Well, since you deny it so stoutly, we'll go to your mistress and hear what she says to it.

Suk. If she's safe, she'll be here directly, Sir. I have sent for her.

Lieut. You have ; very well.

Ben. My breeches against her petticoats she's a woman.

E

Suk.

26 PLYMOUTH IN AN UPROAR.

Suk. Well, suppose I am, you need not jeer one
fo.

A I R. SUKEY.

I.

Why need you make so much ado,
This manœuvre I copy from you,
Pray tell me, are your hearts less true,
When of livres in search, or hard dollars ?

The Dons or Monfieurs to surprize,
No arts you reject or despise ;
The strength of your force you disguise,
And do all but fight under false colours.

II.

If discretion be valour's best part,
If force claim assistance from art,
If the head checking of the bold heart,
Can assist e'en the best of war's scholars ;

In females pray is it such harm,
That with craft every feature we arm,
The hearts of our lovers to storm,
And like you chase them under false colours.

Enter SAILOR with CHARLES, one of those pressed.

Cha. You, Sir, I presume, are the commander
of these truly honest fellows ?

Lieut. I am, Sir—Charles Wilson !

Cha. Beauclerk ! When did you arrive ? or how
happens it I have not seen you ?

Lieut.

Lieut. I was told you were in Holland—But why this disguise?

[Waves the Gang off with his Hand.]

Cha. An assignation, boy.

Lieut. I guess'd as much—and, pray, what kind of an assignation, Charles?

Cha. One of those which lie in the road to matrimony, at which I am in full hopes of arriving in a very short time.

Lieut. Some goddess of the first water, no doubt—handsome as an angel, hah, my boy?

Cha. So it has happened, tho' beauty was the least of my search; but I think I have succeeded.

Lieut. I rejoice to hear it; but, pr'ythee, why make a mystery of your affections?

Cha. Thus it is—accident introducing me to the company of a most enchanting girl, possessed of those very qualifications which I had been long hunting for, I soon found I was not entirely disagreeable; tho' I fancy I owe the chief of my success to the warm interposition of one of her aunts, on whom she has great dependence, as I do the necessity of private meetings to the misanthropy of another: these meetings are generally in a field, near where your people found me.

Lieut. My mind misgives me strangely—It must be she.

Cha. You seem agitated—What ails you?

Lieut. O, Charles, you have fired such a train of thoughts—Is not that her name? *[Shews the Card.]*

Cha. It is.

Lieut. Then I am miserable. O, my friend, I am the most wretched man alive.

Cha. What do you mean? I hope I am not the unlucky cause of your uneasiness?

28 PLYMOUTH IN AN UPROAR.

Lieut. O no, my friend, I only am to blame.—
The lady we are speaking of will most probably be
here presently.

Cha. Do you know her then?

Lieut. I do—would I had never seen her!

Cha. How happens this—inform me, I beseech
you—you don't know how you distress me. O,
Charles, thou art a happy man!

Cha. Not while I see my friend thus agitated.

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Two ladies, with a footman, wish to speak
with you, Sir, in the garden.

Lieut. I'll wait upon them. [*Exit Waiter.*]
Miss Freeman, I suppose. Come down to us pre-
sently.

A I R. LIEUTENANT.

I.

Adieu, each hop'd-for blessing!

Adieu, my soul's desire!

Her heavenly charms possessing,

To more could man aspire?

But come, bright glory, aid me,

Array'd in all thy charms,

From fatal love persuade me

To noble deeds of arms.

II.

Yet still must I regret thee,

Regret thee with a sigh;

Hard fate—sure to forget thee

Is to resolve to die.

But come, bright glory, aid me, &c.

[*Exit.*]

PLYMOUTH IN AN UPROAR. 29

SCENE *the Garden.*

EMILY *and* MISS FREEMAN.

Miss F. I long to see this spirited young lover of yours methinks.

Em. How my heart beats.

A I R. EMILY.

I.

Ah ! me ! how heavenly sweet is love !
So sweet—its very cares improve,
Fix and confirm its sway ;
Joy rises from its very strife :
With love serenely passes life,
Sweet as a beauteous summer day.

II.

Wisely is the god care's'd ;
As all would fain be truly blest'd,
All do his influence own ;
His magic' charms with rapture strike,
Invade and overcome alike,
The humble cot and gilded throne.

As I live, here he is, my dear.

Enter LIEUTENANT.

Lieut. Ladies, I am exceedingly sorry—

Em. Bless me ! You seem disordered, Sir.

Lieut. Not much, Madam—a sort—of—in short
I cannot dissemble—I am disordered ; nay, almost
distracted.

30 PLYMOUTH IN AN UPROAR.

distracted. I know the obstacle at which you hinted—Charles has told it me—Charles is my worthy friend; and the sacrifice I mean to make him is of never seeing you more.

Em. Unfortunate friendship for my peace. [*Aside.* Sir, whatever hopes he may have formed I know not; this I know, that our next meeting shall be the last.

Lieut. Nay, do not resolve too suddenly—let me plead for him—Nay, we both will plead—

[*Opens the Door, and beckons.*

Enter CHARLES, meeting Miss FREEMAN, who is then returning.

Cha. My dearest Louisa, how amply this moment overpays my past anxiety.

[*Passing Miss Neville, goes up to Miss Freeman.*

Lieut. How's this! Are you mad, Charles!—this is Miss Freeman.

Em. My name is Neville, Sir—This is the Charles then; I've been tortur'd with—Mr. Wilson, I am glad to see you.

Lieut. [*Seizes her hand, and kisses it.*] Be this my penance then. But tell me, do you know this card; or how came it dropp'd, at our last meeting just where you stood?

Em. Perhaps by taking out my handkerchief, for such a card was certainly in my pocket.

Lieut. There then lay my mistake.

Em. Very probably—and that mistake drew me into another, it was Mr. Charles Worthland, my aunt's favourite I thought you were plaguing me about, and not this gentleman, Mr. Charles Wilson.

Enter

PLYMOUTH IN AN UPROAR. 31

Enter BEN.

Ben. Will your honour please to examine the other straggler? he's in the bilboes all this time coiling double-dutch against the fun, at a terrible rate, the waiter says; it's our old acquaintance, your honour. Lord Thingamy, that used this lady so ill, but now—

Lieut. Lord Heartless! What say you, ladies, shall we have him in?

Em. Use your pleasure, Sir; for my own part, I must confess the sight of him would be disagreeable.

Ben. Here they come, your honour.

Lieut. Order Pipes to dismiss him.

Ben. I say, Pipes; you must heave to, and cut his Lordship adrift, do you hear.

Lieut. Call in this lady's servant, Ben.

Ben. Ay, ay, your honour; hip, Sukey! jump along here, and show your shapes a little, you jade you. Here she comes—all I love in the world, if she would but pull her breeches off.

Enter SUKEY and Gang.

Suk. O my dear, dear lady, I've been frighten'd out of my wits about you.

Ben. They've work'd his Lordship a penn'worth; but I wish your honour had sent him on board the tender, it's no disgrace for a nobleman to serve his King, I hope; he'd make an excellent powder-monkey. A nobleman! O! I wish I had three or four hundred such, on board the Terrible, just to stuff the nettings with.

Em.

32 PLYMOUTH IN AN UPROAR.

Em. Well, but Mr. Ben, as you are so inveterate against those you don't like, what services might a friend expect at your hands?

Ben. My friend! I'd—Zounds, I'd do any thing for him but turn tail to a Frenchman, and damme if I'd do that for King George, well as I love him.

A noise without. Enter WAITER frightened.

Wait. Mercy upon us, save yourselves, we are all dead men: three thousand French coming up into the garden, killing all they meet.

Ben. Let 'em come, damme we'll maul them—We'll take a few of them in tow for the other world, if we must go; they may starve us out, or burn us out—But I'm a lubber if they shall beat us out. Stand to 'em, boys, here they come; here, Sukey, here's a tool for you, my girl, don't disgrace your breeches, you jade you. [*Gives her a Bludgeon.*]

Lieut. What is all this? Don't be frightened, ladies.

Enter MINERS, &c.

Ben. A high-day. Frenchmen, do you call them; no, no, dam the bit of soup-meagre was ever stow'd in this hold.

[*Taps one of the Miners on the belly.*]

Lieut. What's your pleasure, gentlemen?

Min. To do our duty to our King and master, sleep soundly of nights—and now and then see daylight.

Lieut. What are you?

Min. Miners.

Ben,

PLYMOUTH IN AN UPROAR. 33

Ben. Minors are you ; you'll be sweet creatures by the time you are of age then.

Lieut. And what is your design in thus appearing in a body ?

Min. Foster'd in her very bowels, we come to offer our assistance to our country.

Ben. That's hearty ; that's my beauties ; fight but like what you look and you'll fight like devils.

Lieut. How many of you are there ?

Min. Two hundred of us, and a thousand or two more coming, all determined upon death or victory.

Lieut. And where would you wish to serve ?

Min. Where there's most danger and least fun.

Ben. Afraid of tanning your skins may be : perhaps you'd like best to fight as you work, by candle light.

Cha. Come, Miss Neville, suppose we adjourn to your house to celebrate the fortunate events of this day ?

Em. With all my heart, Sir.

Cha. And we'll not be happy alone ; all these noble fellows shall drink the ladies' healths.

Lieut. I fancy the French in such hands will have reason to repent of their rashness, should they presume to land. As for you, ye generous sons of darkness, I'll shew you where you must apply for proper information how to put in force your gallant undertaking.

FINALE.

F I N A L E.

LIEUTENANT, EMILIA, BEN, SUKEY.

Emil. Would you, ye fair, but smile on those,
 Who ever prompt to save you,
 Undaunted rush among your foes ;
 Who dare to die,
 And scorn to fly,
 Proud France and Spain might vainly boast, &c.

Ben. Would every Briton join my lay,
 We'd make 'em cry *peccavi*,
 To ev'ry faint and martyr pray,
 Sneak home like elves,
 And cross themselves :
 We'd make them know, for all their boast, &c.

Sukey. Did you, ye dames, who breeches wear,
 But properly behave you,
 Nor fight and scold, and rave and tear,
 But tender prove,
 And footh your love :
 The French wou'd find, for all their boast, &c.

PLYMOUTH IN AN UPROAR. 35

Lieut. In vain with greedy eye they see
Our roast beef pouring gravy,
Our lovely dames, our liberty ;
Which jointly serve
To brace each nerve :
To prove, in spite of all their boast,
No danger shall annoy our coast,
While we've a gallant navy.

CHORUS.

In vain with greedy eye they see, &c.

F I N I S.

PLYMOUTH IN AN UPROAR.

In vain with greedy eyes they gaze
Our noblest feelings trace
Our lovely names, our home;
Which jointly gave
To part each nerve;
To prove, in light of all their loss,
No darker than away our loss,
While we to a gallant navy

CHORUS.

4 AP 54

FINIS

